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UNCLE ARTHUR'S

Bedtime Stories

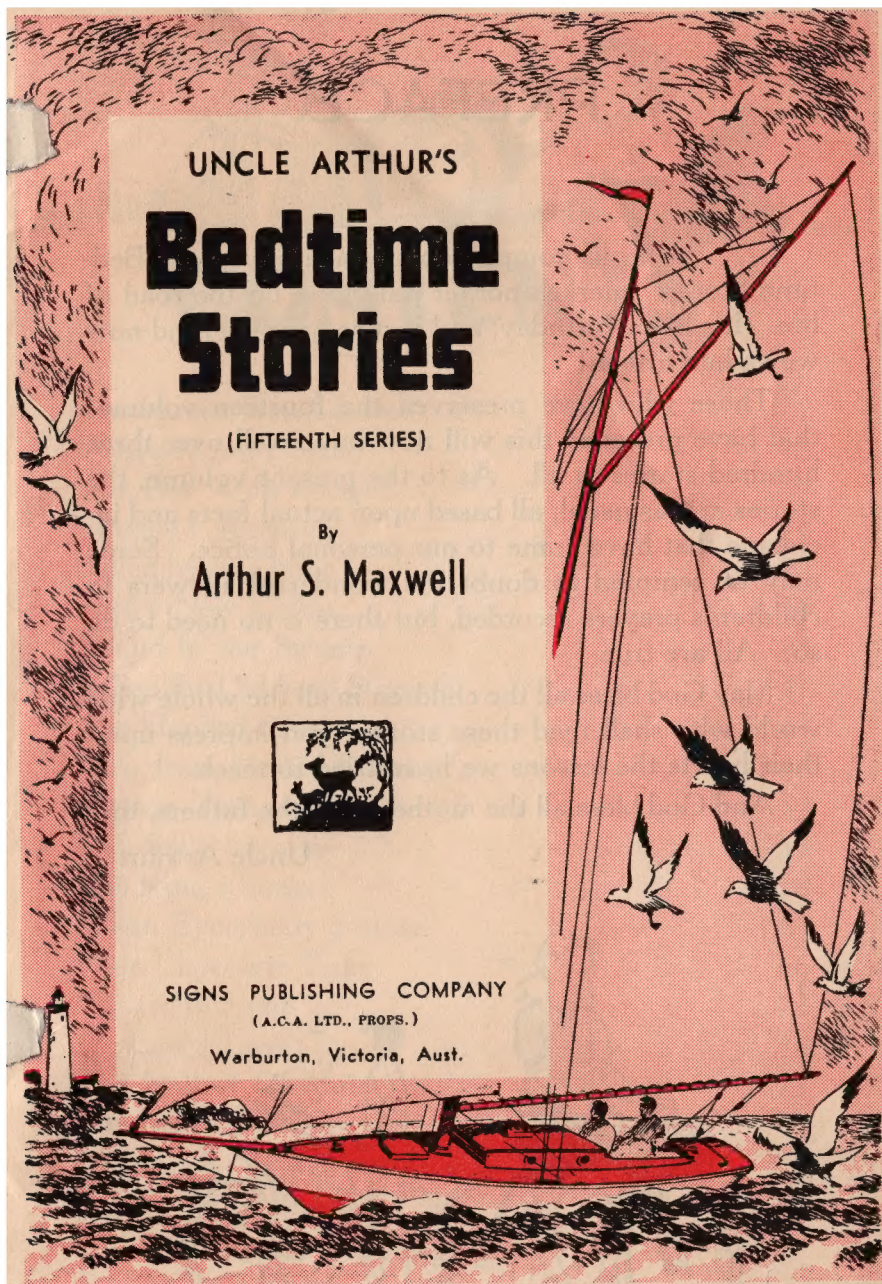
(FIFTEENTH SERIES)

By
Arthur S. Maxwell



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PREFACE

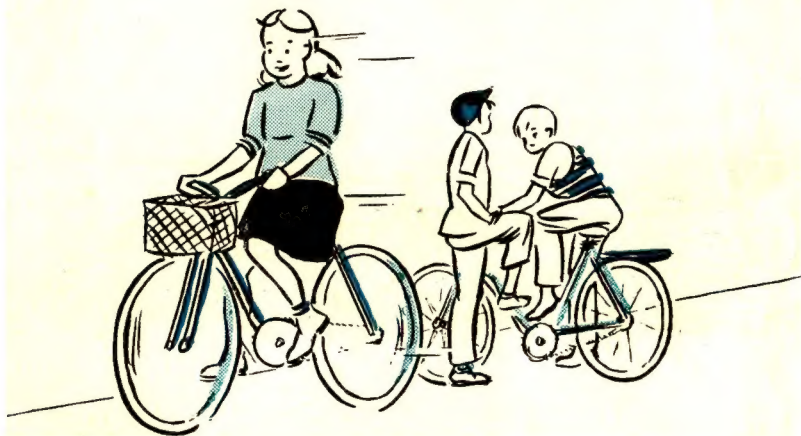
THE completion of each series of "Bed-time Stories" marks another milestone on the road of life. It's like a birthday, and just as happy. And now we've had fifteen!

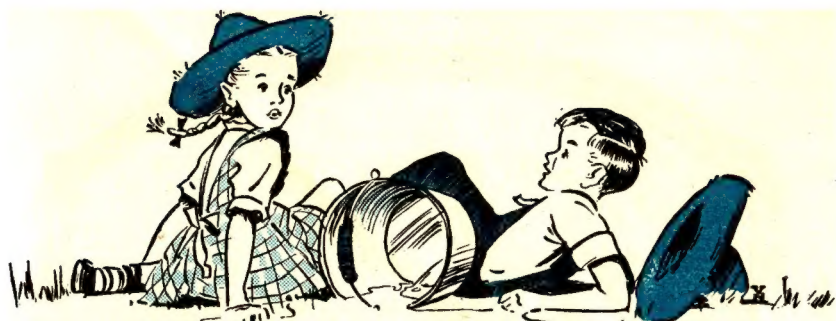
Those who have preserved the fourteen volumes that have preceded this will now have well over three hundred stories in all. As to the present volume, the stories are, as usual, all based upon actual facts and incidents that have come to our personal notice. Some may be tempted to doubt the wonderful answers to children's prayers recorded, but there is no need to do so. All are true.

May God bless all the children in all the whole wide world who shall read these stories, and impress upon their hearts the lessons we have tried to teach.

And God bless all the mothers and the fathers, too.

Uncle Arthur.





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Inasmuch

as ye have
done it unto
one of the
least of these
My brethren,
ye have done
it unto Me.

--JESUS.



The House that Glowed

IT WAS CHRISTMAS EVE, and poor little Johann, driven out of his home by an angry and brutal stepfather, was trudging wearily through the snow.

His coat was ragged, and sodden with melted snow. His shoes were worn and split at the seams, so that his feet were numb with cold. His quaint cap, pulled well down over his ears and forehead, had a gaping tear that let in the biting wind.

Night was falling, and the gathering darkness found the homeless little boy still plodding on his sad and lonely way.

"If only I could find some shelter, some place where I could get warm, and the wind would not chill me so," he thought to himself. "If only someone would give me some food to eat, and something hot to drink!"

Coming to the edge of the forest, he caught sight of a little village nestling in the valley below, with several fine, large houses dotting the hillside all around. Lights were already twinkling in the windows, while the smoke from many chimneys, curling upward, blended with the murky sky.

A great new hope sprang up in little Johann's heart. Here at last, among so many lovely homes, he would find someone to care for him. He walked more quickly, so sure he was that his troubles were almost over.

Soon he came to the entrance of a fine, big mansion. There were many lights in the windows, and a

very bright one over the front door. Surely, he thought, people who could live in such a house must have lots of money and would be only too pleased to help a poor, hungry little boy.



Very bravely he walked up to the front door, and, by standing on tiptoe, managed to catch hold of the handle of the bell. He pulled it hard, and there was such a noise inside that it frightened him. But he was more frightened still when the great oak door was thrown back, and a big man dressed in the finest clothes looked out at him.

"Did you ring that bell?" asked the haughty butler, frowning.

"Y-y-y-yes," stammered Johann, "I-I-I'm very cold and hungry, and I thought you ——"

"This is Christmas Eve," snapped the butler, "and the house is full of guests. I'm sorry, but we haven't time to bother with the likes of you just now. Good night."

And the door was shut.

"Oh!" said Johann to himself, "I never thought anyone would do that. But perhaps they are too busy here. I must try somewhere else."

So he walked on down into the village itself, passing by the other big mansions for fear the people inside might also be too busy to care about hungry little boys on Christmas Eve.

From the first house he reached there came sounds of music and laughter, and feeling sure that there must be very friendly people living there, he knocked gently

on the door. But there was so much noise inside that he had to knock again and again, each time louder than before.

At last the door swung open, and a young man wearing a funny paper cap looked out.

"Excuse me," said Johann, "but I wondered if you could ——"

"Sorry," cried the gay young man, "we're having a Christmas Eve party in here, and we can't stop now."

"But please, please!" pleaded Johann.

"Sorry; good night!" cried the young man. And bang! the door was shut.

Terribly disappointed, Johann went next door, but the people there were making so much noise that they didn't even hear him at all, loud as he knocked.

At the next house a crabby old gentleman merely told him to run home and not bother the neighbours. Run home, indeed!

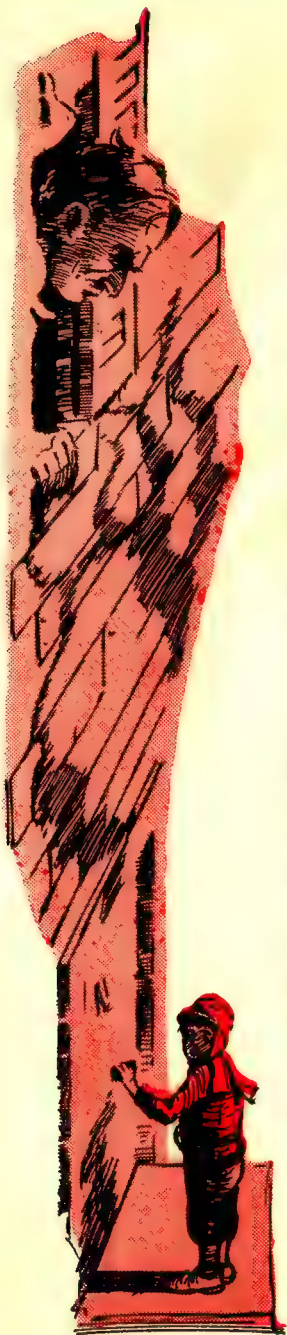
At another house he was told to call again another day. They would help him then, perhaps, the people said. But he needed help now!

So, going from house to house through the entire village, he sought shelter and food, and found none.

Almost hopeless and heartbroken he trudged out into the night, leaving the twinkling lights behind him. He felt he could lie down and die in the road, he was so tired, so hungry, so discouraged.

Just then he happened to look up and found himself passing a tiny, tumbledown old cottage, so dark and dismal that he probably wouldn't have seen it at all but for the white carpet of snow on the ground showing it





up. A blind covered the one window, but faint streaks of light gleamed from under the door and through cracks in the woodwork.

Johann stood still and wondered what he should do.

Should he knock here?

What would be the use? Surely if the people who lived in the big houses—who had money for lovely parties and things—couldn't afford to help a poor boy, how could the folk in a house like this? No, it was of no use. Better not bother them. Better go on and die in the woods.

Then he thought again. He had knocked at so many houses, there could be no harm in trying one more. So he turned from the road up the snow-covered garden path and tapped gently on the door.

A moment later the door opened cautiously, and an elderly woman peered out. "Bless my soul!" she exclaimed. "Whatever are you doing out there in the cold tonight?"

"Please ——" began Johann.

But before he could say another word, she had flung the door wide open and dragged him inside.

"You poor little child," she exclaimed, "Deary, deary me! You look so cold and hungry. Half

starved, or I'm mistaken. And wet through. Let's get those things off at once. Wait a moment while I stir up the fire and put the kettle on."

Johann looked about him and saw that the little one-roomed cottage was as bare as could be, without even a carpet on the floor. The light he had seen through the crack came from one lone candle set on the mantel-piece. But he hadn't time to see much else, for the kind woman was soon stripping off his wet rags, wrapping him in a blanket, and setting him up at the table before a bowl of steaming soup.

Then, as she went back to stir the pot on the stove, she suddenly noticed something, and looked up.

Was it a dream, or were her eyes deceiving her? The candlelight had given place to a warm and lovely glow that seemed to be getting brighter every minute, filling every corner of the cottage with a heavenly radiance. Every drab piece of furniture seemed to be shining and glistening like burnished gold as when God filled the temple with His glory.

And the rich man, looking down from his mansion on the hill, suddenly exclaimed, "There's a strange light in the valley. Look! Widow Greatheart's cottage is on fire!"

The news spread swiftly from house to house, and soon all the gay parties were abandoned as the people, wrapping themselves up in their coats and shawls, rushed out to see what was the matter.

They saw the light, too, and running toward the widow's cottage, beheld the poor, tumbledown old building glowing like an alabaster bowl.

Peering inside, all they could see was the dear old woman caring for the very same little boy who had called that night at all their homes.

Then, as the light faded, they knocked on the door to ask anxiously what could have happened.

"I really do not know," said Widow Greatheart, with a smile of wondrous joy and satisfaction on her face. "I just seemed to hear a voice saying to me, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My children, ye have done it unto Me.' "





Disappearing Donald

A STRANGE THING about Donald was the way he would disappear sometimes, and usually, it seemed, just when mamma wanted him most.

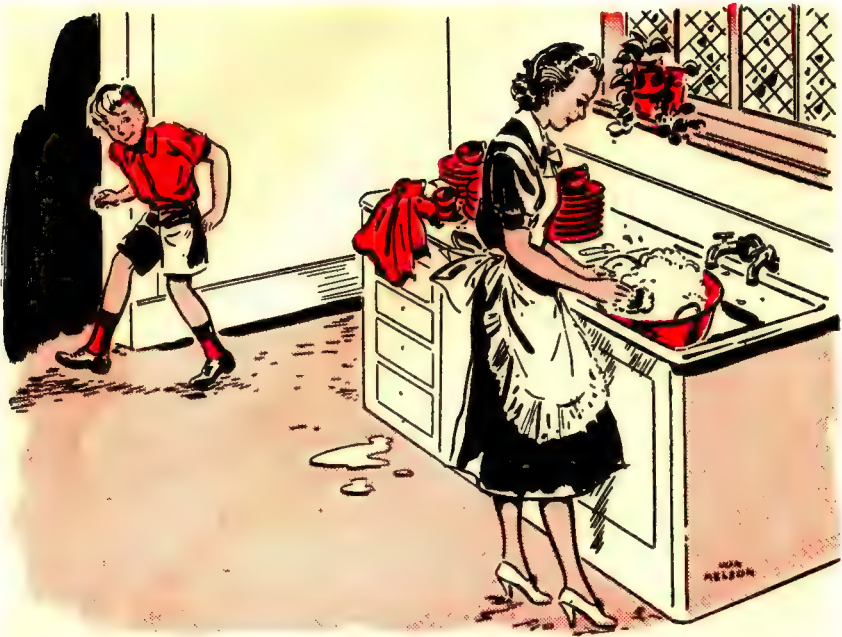
"Donald, Donald!" mamma would call, but no Donald would come.

Sometimes she would call for him all over the house, then from the bedroom window, perhaps, then from the back door, then from the front door, and still there would be no sign of Donald.

Then, just when she would be getting really anxious, Donald would silently slip into the room where mamma was working, just as if nothing had happened.

Then when mamma would say, "Donald, why didn't you come when I called you?" he would say, "I'm sorry, mamma, but I came as quickly as I could."

But when mamma asked, "Donald, where have you been all this time?" all he would say was, "Aaaaaah, that's a secret!"



And no matter how mamma might coax to find out, she never got any farther than that long, mysterious, "Aaaaaah!"

One day, when mamma wasn't feeling any too well, Donald disappeared again.

"Oh, dear," said mamma to herself, "where does the boy go to? And why does he run away like this? I wish he wouldn't bother me so when I'm feeling tired."

At last Donald reappeared.

"Donald," she said, "now really this must stop. I wanted you to help me with the dishes, and you're just making my headache worse and worse."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Donald. "Where's the towel? I'll wipe the dishes now."

They worked together for a while, Donald with a faraway look on his face most of the time.

Presently he said, "Mamma, did you say you've got a headache?"

"Yes, dear."

"Is it very, very bad?"

"Yes, very bad."

"Ah," said Donald, relapsing into silence.

No sooner was the last dish wiped than Donald vanished once more, slipping so silently out of the kitchen that mamma did not notice his going.

"Donald," she called presently, but there was no Donald.

"So he's gone again," she exclaimed. "But he can't be far away. I'll find him this time."

She felt he could not have gone out into the garden, or she would have heard the door shut. He must be in the house somewhere.

Mamma went into the dining-room and looked under the table, behind the piano and the curtains, but there was no Donald to be found. She did the same in the sitting-room, with the same result. Then she went upstairs and started on the bedrooms, opening all the cupboards and looking behind the doors.

In Donald's room there was only a table and one small bed; so she didn't spend much time there. But as she turned to leave, she heard a slight rustling noise under the bed, and then Donald's head poked out.

"Donald!" exclaimed mamma. "So there you are!"

"Mamma," asked Donald, with a serious look on his little face, "are you feeling better? I mean, is your headache better?"

"Well," said mamma, hesitating, "I think it is. But why do you ask?"

"Oh, mamma," said Donald solemnly, "I've been under the bed asking Jesus to make you better."

Mamma's headache got better quicker that day than it ever had before. At last she had found out where Donald went when he disappeared.

Under the bed with Jesus!



The Boy With a Light

TALKING ABOUT BOYS who disappear, here's a story about a boy who came from nowhere and vanished into nowhere, and yet I shall never forget him and the kindly deed he did.

What a night that was! I was driving alone out of London, when all of a sudden I found myself in the midst of a thick bank of fog.

It was so dense that I could see absolutely nothing, not a house, nor a tree, nor a white line, nor even the edge of the road. My headlights only made things worse, for the fog reflected the light and made just a blanket of fire in front of me.

For a few moments I tried to drive on, but almost immediately I felt the wheels go bump, bump! and I knew that I had run over something.

Stopping the car, I jumped out and peered around in the murky darkness, to find that all four wheels had mounted the kerb.

I was thankful that I had not knocked anybody down, but now I had to get back on the road.

Very slowly I backed until I felt that bump, bump again; I knew then that I must at least be off the footpath.

But now I couldn't be sure whether I was headed toward London or home. There was absolutely no way to tell; not an indication of any kind anywhere. I just had to hope for the best.

"Well," I thought, "it looks as if I'm going to be stuck out here for the rest of the night, or at least till the fog lifts, which may take hours." And it is not very pleasant, let me tell you, to be out on a main road in a fog. You never can tell when some other car is going to hit you.

At that moment a strange thing happened.

Through the window beside me peered the face of a little boy.

"May I help you?" he asked politely.

"Help me!" I said, laughingly. "How can you help me? The fog is too bad."

"Oh, I think I can," he said. "You see I have a light."

I looked at his "light" and laughed again. It was only a cheap little flashlight, throwing but the faintest beam.

"My big headlights don't do any good," I said; "so how can you help with yours?"





"Oh," he said, "I'll show you. I'll go ahead and shine my little light on the edge of the road, and then you can shine your big lights on my back, and we'll get along fine."

"Well," I said, "you're a bright boy, anyway. I'll try it."

And I did.

Straining my eyes as hard as I could, I found I could just pick out the form of the little chap as he walked slowly by the side of the road, shining his flashlight ahead of him.

On and on we went together. I don't know how far it was, but it may well have been more than a mile. Then suddenly the air cleared, and I knew we had left the worst of the fog bank behind.

So the boy had won through. I stopped the car and put my head out of the window to thank him and, if possible, give him some reward. But he had vanished! Gone back, no doubt, to help somebody else through the fog.

I have often thought of that boy since then, and wished I knew his name. If by any chance he should read this story, I hope he will write to me; for it seems to me that he is just the sort of little boy that God loves best—anxious to help others without thought of thanks or reward.

And that little light of his reminds me that God has put into the hands of each one of us the light of His Word—the Holy Bible—hoping that we will shine it before others who have lost their way, and lead them gently out of the fog of sin.



Finding's Keeping

JESSIE was so excited when she came in to dinner that she could hardly speak.

"Mamma, look what I've found!" she panted.

"Whatever do you have there?" exclaimed mamma.

"Why, it looks like a purse."

"Yes, it is," cried Jessie.

"It's just the dearest little purse, and there's a lot of money in it, too. Just think what I'll be able to buy with it."

"Let me see it," said mamma, taking the purse and looking inside. "You're right, Jessie, there is quite a lot of money in it—nearly a pound."

"Oh!" cried Jessie, mouth wide open and eyes sparkling.

"But you wouldn't want to keep this yourself, would you?" said mamma.

"Why not?" asked Jessie, a trace of fear in her voice. "Finding's keeping, isn't it?"

"Sometimes in a game, perhaps," said mamma, "but not with somebody else's purse. Why, just think! Perhaps some poor woman dropped it on her way to do some shopping, and this money may be all she had to provide for her family the rest of the week."

"But, mamma I found it."



"I know you did, dear, but she lost it, and it's really still hers, at least until you've tried every way you know how to find her. You want to think how you would feel if you lost your purse and somebody found it and kept it. You wouldn't like that, would you?"

"I hadn't thought of that," said Jessie. "I don't suppose I would like it."

"I don't think you would, either," said mamma, "and if we are going to do unto others as we want them to do unto us ——"

"I suppose I'd better take it back," interrupted Jessie. "But what shall I do with it?"

"The proper thing is to take it to the police station," said mamma, "and they will keep it there and see if anybody comes for it. If not, then they will give it back to you."

"All right, then," said Jessie. "I'll take it right away. That poor woman may be worrying dreadfully about it."

So off she ran as fast as she could go.

On the way she met a school friend.

"What's the hurry?" asked Marjorie.

"Oh, I found a purse in the street, and I'm just taking it to the police station."

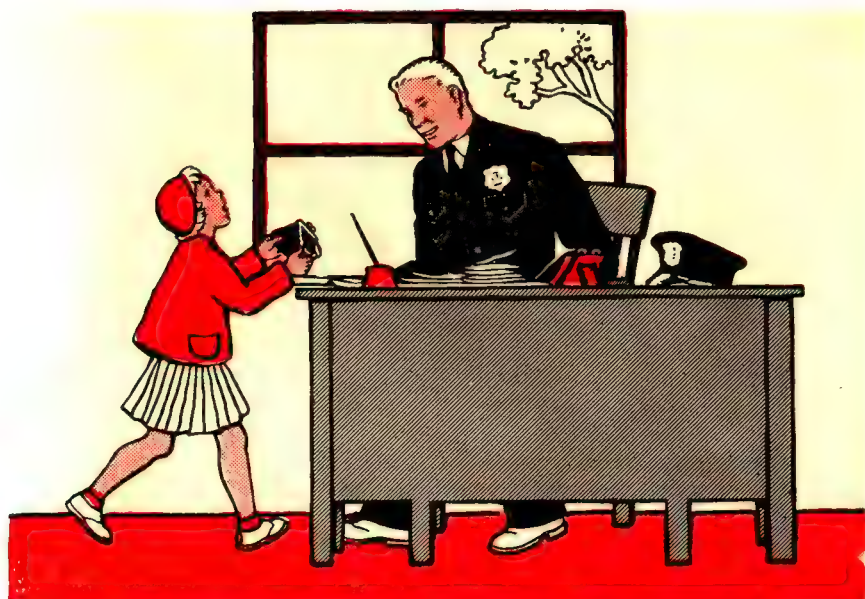
"Any money in it?"

"Nearly a pound."

"Then you are going the wrong way," said Marjorie. "Why don't you keep it?"

"Oh, I couldn't," said Jessie. "Some poor woman may be in a dreadful state about it, and I want to get it back to her as soon as I can."

"You are stupid," said Marjorie. "Why should you worry about that?"



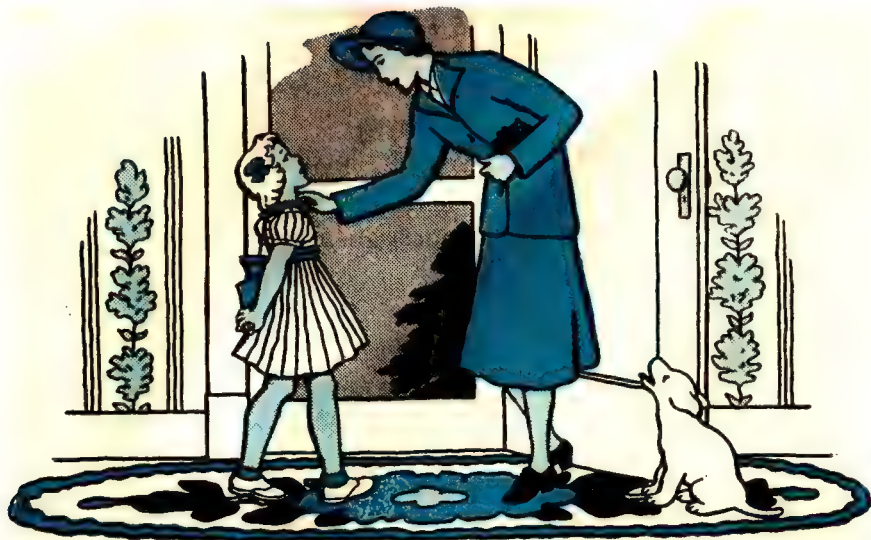
"Maybe I am," said Jessie, a little worried, "but I'm going to take it, anyway."

Arriving at the police station, Jessie explained her mission. The policeman beamed on her, and said he thought she was the most honest girl in town. Then he made a note of her name and address, and the nature and contents of the bag, and Jessie left feeling as happy as if someone had left her a legacy of a million pounds.

And that was not the end of her joy.

That night there was a knock at the front door, and Jessie, opening it, recognized the minister's wife, one of her best friends.

"Jessie," said the visitor, "I've just found my bag at the police station, and they told me there that it was you who took it in. I want to thank you ever so much, and maybe you would let me give you something to show you how very grateful I am."



"Oh, no, no, no!" exclaimed Jessie. "I wouldn't dream of it. Please don't. I'm so happy to have helped you and that you have it back again. I had no idea that it could possibly have belonged to you, or I would have brought it straight to your home."

"I know you would," said the minister's wife. "And I do want you to know, Jessie, how very much I appreciate what you did. I shall not forget it."

When her visitor had gone, Jessie looked at mamma, and a strange, understanding smile came over both their faces.

"What a fortunate thing it was that I took it back!" said Jessie. "Just suppose I had gone to church with that bag in my hand! It makes me hot and cold all over just to think of it. And if I had spent her money, I never could have forgiven myself."

"Well," said mamma, shaking her head, "it's just one more proof that it always pays to do right."

Saved by an Onion

IN THE EARLY DAYS of American history, when the Western States were being developed, some of the hardest-working people were ministers of the gospel. These were the "circuit riders," who rode on horseback from one little community to another, preaching and conducting baptisms, marriages, and funerals. Sometimes they would be away from home for months at a time, enduring all sorts of hardships, and riding thousands of miles a year.

Mr. Matthews was one of these brave and busy circuit riders. He had a huge parish, covering hundreds of miles in every direction, which constantly called for all his time and attention. What with these heavy duties and his large family of twelve children, he was sometimes a very tired and harassed man.

Coming home one day after a long absence, he found that his son Jack had failed to complete some work that had been assigned to him. Heated words were spoken, and it was not long before Jack was suffering from the effects of a severe thrashing.

Now Jack was a high-spirited boy, and nothing wounded his pride so much as being thrashed, especially when he felt that he did not deserve it.



This time he was so enraged that he determined to run away from home.

His favourite sister, Margaret, who was about his own age, pleaded with him not to go, but he would not listen to her. She begged him to think over his rash resolve, to let everything rest for a few days; but nothing would move him. He had decided to go, and go he would.



Next morning, without saying good-bye to anyone but Margaret, Jack went away, determined never to return to his father's house.

Now it was Margaret's turn to be cross. She, of course, sided with Jack, and said it was her father's fault that he had gone away. Therefore she would have nothing to do with her father, nor with his religion.

Every day she became more and more bitter. She would hardly speak to either of her parents, and positively refused to take any part in family worship. She would neither read the Bible nor say her prayers, and in her heart she secretly resolved that she would never be a Christian, never!

Meanwhile no word came back from Jack. He had vanished completely out of the home. Margaret felt that the joy of life had gone out with him, and her heart became hard as stone.

Then one morning, while preparing the dinner, mother discovered that she needed just one more onion, and Margaret was the only daughter near at hand to send.

"Margaret!" called mother. "I do so need just one more onion to finish this potpie. I wish you would go and fetch me one."

"Where are they?" asked Margaret, coldly.

"In the barn, on the second floor," said mother. "Mind how you go up the ladder, dear. And you might bring me two or three extra ones while you are about it."

Margaret went without a word, or even a smile. She had long since ceased to smile around the house, and was secretly longing for the day when she could run away, too. Then she would go and find Jack.

Going over to the barn, she climbed the ladder to the second floor, and, looking around, soon saw where the onions had been laid out for winter use. She picked up half a dozen, and was walking back to the ladder, when she heard a noise below.

Footsteps! Someone was coming stealthily toward the ladder.



Who could it be?

Holding her breath, she listened and guessed that it must be her father, the very last person on earth she wished to meet just then.

Suddenly all the hatred she had been fostering in her heart overflowed. She did not want to speak to him, no, nor to look at him. She never would again, never!

But what could she do?

Looking around quickly, she spied an old, unused door leaning against the wall. It was the only possible shelter; so on tiptoe she ran swiftly toward it, and was barely hidden when she heard her father coming up the last section of the ladder.

Holding her breath for fear he would detect her presence, she waited anxiously, hoping he would go down again immediately when he found the loft empty.

But he did not go down. Instead Margaret heard a strange sound as of something falling gently on the floor, and she held her hands in fright.

After a few moments of fearful suspense, she heard her father talking out loud. Had two people come up into the loft?

No. He was praying!

Cramped behind that door, Margaret listened to the most wonderful prayer she had ever heard—and she couldn't run away from it. She just had to stay and hear every word.

Father was praying for his family. For every child, from the oldest to the youngest, for Margaret herself, and especially for Jack. When he reached Jack he broke down completely, sobbing as if his heart would



break; asking God to forgive him for being so angry with Jack as to drive him away from home; praying that even now God would move upon Jack's heart by His Holy Spirit, and bring him back again.

Margaret was stunned, overwhelmed.

So father did love Jack after all! And wanted him home again! And was so very, very sorry he had been angry with him!

More than that, he was willing to pray for Margaret, too! Margaret who had been so rude to him, so heartlessly cruel to him all these many weeks since Jack had left. She knew she had not prayed for father like that.

Suddenly she felt she could not stand it a moment longer. She must run from the scene, or her heart would break.

Margaret rose and slipped from behind the door. As she did so, she caught sight of father kneeling on the floor, wiping the tears from his eyes.

She gave in.

"Father, I'm sorry," she said, putting her arms around his neck and bursting into tears.

"So are we all, Margaret," he said. And everything was all right again from that moment.

Meanwhile, mother was beginning to fuss about the missing onion, wondering why Margaret had been so long fetching it. But when she saw father and daughter coming across the yard with arms around each other, faces tear-stained but radiant, with a mother's intuition she suddenly understood, and ran out to meet them, the onion and the pie all forgotten.

That night, believe it or not, Jack returned.

(In later years, by the way, Jack himself became a minister, and Margaret a minister's wife.)



Spot's New Collar

SPOT was just an ordinary little wire-haired terrier, but he was the joy of Bobby's heart.

From the moment that daddy had brought him home as a very tiny puppy for Bobby's birthday present, the two had been the best of friends.

Of course, if Bobby had had a baby brother or a baby sister, perhaps Spot wouldn't have meant so much to him, but as he didn't have either, and was an only child, why, Spot took all the love he had.

They had such happy, rollicking times together; and Bobby taught him to do tricks, as well as to behave as all well-bred dogs should. He even trained him to be friendly with puss and let her into his kennel.

Then one sad day Spot disappeared.

He just vanished, and no one knew where he was.

When Bobby came home from school and heard the news, a terrible fear gripped his heart.

Spot gone! Then, of course, he must have been run over and killed as so many, many other poor little dogs are in these days of speeding cars.

But no one around had seen or heard of an accident.

Perhaps someone had stolen him. But how? And when? And why would anybody want to steal such a plain little terrier as Spot?

Poor Bobby was heartbroken. He ran up and down the street, calling upon all the neighbours, asking if

they had seen his pet, but all replied in the same way. They were very, very sorry, but they had not seen him.

It was a very long-faced little boy who came home that night. Bobby had walked miles, asking and searching, but with no result.

"Don't worry so," said mamma. "Perhaps he will come home in the morning."

Bobby hoped so, but when he rushed out to the kennel soon after sunrise next day, no Spot was there.

"Where can he be?" Bobby asked himself frantically. "And he'll starve to death without me to feed him. See, here's his supper all untouched."

All day long Bobby worried, and when evening came again, with no sign or sound of Spot, he was ready to cry.

"Isn't there anything else we can do, mamma?" he sobbed.

"Nothing, I'm afraid," said mamma, "except to pray and ask Jesus to help us find him."

Bobby had never prayed so hard and so earnestly as he prayed that night; and the next day he did a very strange thing.

All on his own, and without telling mamma, he opened his little money-box, took out all his savings—which amounted to nearly four shillings—and set off downtown on a mysterious mission.

By and by he returned, and entering through the back door, ran right into mamma.

"Why, my dear!" she exclaimed. "Where have you





been? And what in the world have you there? Such a beautiful collar and chain? Why ——”

Bobby blushed, and was almost ready to cry again, but through the mist in his eyes he looked up at mamma, and said quietly, “I bought them for Spot.”

“For Spot!” exclaimed mother. “But poor Spot’s gone, and maybe ——”

“But, mamma,” said Bobby reproachfully, “we’ve asked Jesus to send him back, haven’t we?”

“Yes, I know we have, but suppose ——”

“Mamma,” said Bobby, “I believe Jesus is going to answer my prayer anyway and send him back. And I’ve just spent all my pocket money, every bit I had, on buying this collar and chain so Jesus would see I really believe He will send Spot back again.”

“Oh, you darling boy!” cried mamma, throwing her arms around Bobby and shedding some big tears down the back of his neck. “Why, I’m sure Jesus must send him back now. He just couldn’t help it.”

“I know He will,” said Bobby, with the faith of a little child.

One week passed. Two weeks. Three weeks. Four weeks. Five weeks. Five whole weeks!

Mamma had quite given up hope. Daddy was talking already about buying Bobby another dog, and even Bobby's faith was beginning to waver.

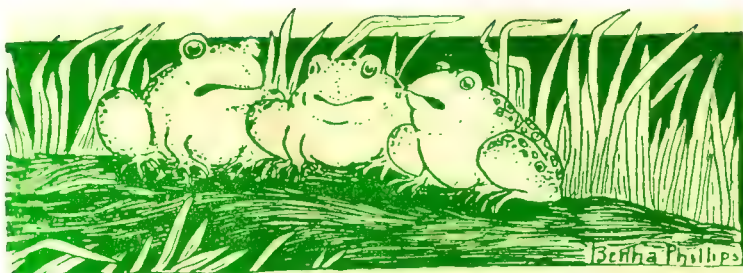
Then very early one morning Bobby was aroused by a familiar sound. It was the barking of a dog—right underneath his window.

He was out of bed in a flash, rushing wildly downstairs.

Yes, Spot was home again. What joy!

And if you could have seen him in that fine new collar, with Bobby holding the bright new chain, and the two of them strutting down the street together! No king in his palace was ever happier than they.





Found in the Swamp

THAT LITTLE STORY about Spot reminds me of another, about Prince. He was a young black-and-white mongrel, and he belonged to Philip, who loved him dearly.

They lived on a farm away out in the country. All around the house were green fields and woods, while in a low-lying section a lazy river wandered slowly through a wide, reed-covered swamp.

One morning when Philip went out to the kennel to take him his breakfast, Prince was not there.

"That's strange," thought Philip. "I know I put him in here myself last night. How could he have got away?"

Then he noticed that a loose board had fallen down on one side, leaving a hole just big enough for Prince to squeeze through.

"The little scamp!" cried Philip. "Gone hunting on his own, I suppose. Just wait till I catch him!"

But to his surprise he didn't catch him.



"Prince, Prince!" he called all over the farmyard, but no Prince answered.

"That's queer," thought Philip. "He's never done anything like this before. Where can he be? Probably he'll come back during the day."

As Philip had a great deal of work to do for his daddy, he did not think much about Prince's absence till he returned from the fields in the evening. Then Philip became anxious.

"What can have happened to him?" he asked daddy.

"I don't know," said daddy. "Maybe he's had a fight with some other dog, and got the worst of it."

And that only made Philip more anxious.

"He couldn't have got lost anywhere, could he?"

"Lost!" exclaimed daddy. "Why, no, child, A dog like that would find his way home if you took him twenty miles away."

"Do you think he might have been stolen?"

"I don't see how," said daddy. "Not out here, anyway. Of course, there might be thieves about at night, but I hardly think anyone would take Prince, certainly not without a struggle."

When another day had passed with no sign of Prince's return, Philip became really worried. And in



his fear he thought of the Lord and prayed very hard that Jesus would somehow help him to find Prince.

Daddy, who wasn't a very good Christian, laughed when he heard about it, and said that he had never heard of lost dogs being found that way. But Philip and mamma said that though it might seem a strange thing to do, they were going to pray anyway, for surely Jesus must know where the dog was, and could send him back if He thought best.

So they continued to pray for Prince, although as the hours passed it became harder and harder to believe that their prayers could be answered.

On the third night after Prince had disappeared, as Philip was lying in bed in the dark alternately wondering what could have happened to his pet and praying that he might come home again, he heard a strange and terrifying sound that sent a cold shiver down his spine. It wasn't a bark or a yelp, but a fearful wail as of an animal in great distress.

It came again, and this time Philip sat up in bed, a tingling sensation spreading all over his body as though someone were sticking pins and needles into every part of him at once.

When the wail came the third time, he bounded out of bed and ran to his parents' room, knocking loudly on the door.

"What's that?" came a sleepy voice from within.

"Did you hear that noise?" cried Philip, almost beside himself with excitement. "I believe it's Prince."

"What noise?" asked daddy, not too pleased at having been awakened in the middle of the night.

"Listen to it! Oh, I'm sure it's Prince!" cried Philip.

And even as he spoke, the long, low, pitiful wail was borne to them again on the cool night breeze.

There was a thud as daddy jumped out of bed. And another as mamma followed him.

"That came from the swamp as sure as I'm alive," said daddy. "We must go at once and see what's the matter. Quick, light the lanterns."

Philip had his clothes on in less time than it takes to tell, and was downstairs lighting the lanterns as daddy and mamma joined him.

Then they set out through the farmyard, down the rough track that led through the grassy meadows toward the river.

"We'll have to take care," said daddy; "this swampy land is very treacherous. More than one animal has been sucked down into these bogs. Follow me carefully and keep to the path."

It was all very eerie, walking through the darkness with only the three lanterns to give them light, the chilly wind sweeping around them, and every now and again the same dreadful wail striking upon their ears.





Now it was getting louder, as they drew nearer. What would they find?

At last daddy called the little procession to a halt.

"I think we're nearly there," he said. "But we must not go any further. It's too dangerous. Let's wait a moment and listen again."

They waited, standing quite still, and close together.

Suddenly, from almost at their feet, the wail came once more. Mamma and Philip jumped back, they were so scared.

"Shine your lanterns this way," said daddy.

As they did so, they saw the head and shoulders of Prince protruding from the bog into which he was slowly sinking.

"Oh, poor Prince!" cried Philip, darting forward.

"Stand back!" cried daddy, clutching at him. "Keep on the path, or you'll go down, too. We'll have to get some planks or a ladder."

"Hurry then!" cried Philip, "or he'll be gone."

They hurried, and a few minutes later poor Prince, covered with slime, and half dead from fright, hunger, and exhaustion, was lying on the firm ground beside them.

As Philip bent over him, patting his wet, muddy head, he flashed a little prayer of gratitude back to heaven. "Thank You, dear Jesus," he whispered, "for hearing my prayer, and sending him back to me."



When the Old Ford Stopped

HERE is an amazing story that came to me recently—a story so remarkable that I'm sure you will think I have made it up. But I haven't. It really, truly happened to a minister friend of mine, and he has assured me that there's no doubt about it at all.

Some years ago this Mr. Brown—we'll call him that for now—was very hard up. He had no money in his pocket and none in the bank, and no friends to give him any.

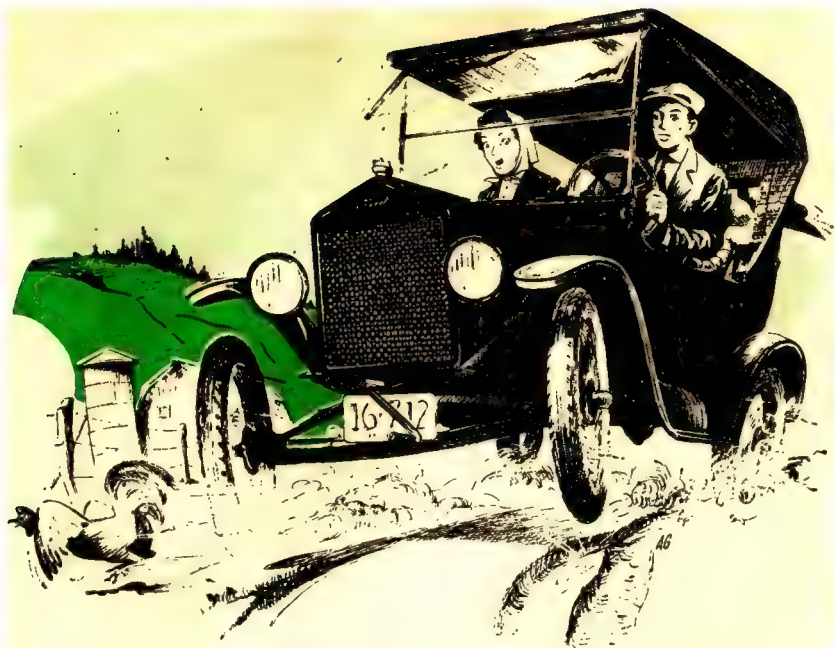
Bills were piling up all around him, and he didn't know what to do.

His chief worry was the doctor's bill. You see, Mrs. Brown had been ill a long time, and the baby, too; and the doctor's bill had just got higher and higher, till it seemed as though he would never be able to pay it.

Now they needed to go to the doctor again—but how could they when they hadn't paid the last bill? Altogether things looked pretty black.

So they told Jesus about it, and asked Him in some way to keep His promise and supply all their need.

Then Mrs. Brown's health grew worse, and they decided that money or no money, they would have to see the doctor anyway; but how they did wish that, somehow or other, they could pay that bill they owed him first!



One afternoon they set out for town. Now their car was so old, and it rattled and shook so much as it went along, that they often wondered whether it would fall to pieces some day and drop them all out on the roadway.

They had proceeded a few miles along the bumpy country road that led to town, when suddenly the car stopped, and like some obstinate mule, refused to go any farther.

Mr. Brown looked at the petrol, the oil, and everything else he could think of, but all in vain. Then he remembered the old saying that if a Ford stops, you should get out and look underneath to see what has dropped out by the way.

He looked, and his gaze lit upon something right underneath the engine that almost made his eyes start out of his head. It wasn't a part of the car by any

means, but a curious, dirty roll of paper that looked for all the world like paper money.

Surely it couldn't be!

Forgetting everything else in his excitement, he crawled underneath the car, and picked up the mysterious parcel.

Yes, it was money, real money! And the outside notes were so dirty and worn that the package must have been lying there covered with the dust for a long, long time, so that there was no hope of finding the owner.



"Look!" he cried, almost too happy to speak. "God has answered our prayer. He has sent the money we needed so much. Now we can pay the doctor today!"

And then another remarkable thing happened. Without touching the engine, Mr. Brown got back into the car and tried once more to start up in the usual way. Without a murmur the car shot forward as if nothing had ever been the matter with it.

"You know," he said to me, "I shall always believe that the angels knew that money was there and stopped the car right over it."

What wonderful ways God does have of answering His children's prayers!



The Flooded River

THE OTHER DAY when I was telling some of the wonderful stories of answered prayer that I have been gathering through the years, an elderly woman asked me if she could tell me one. And this is the story:—

It happened in the early pioneering days when the western part of North America was being opened up, and when the people still travelled in covered waggon.

A gospel camp-meeting was going to be held in the State of Washington, on the Pacific Coast, and Christian people from scattered farms and villages over a very wide area planned to attend. Some faced a journey of several hundred miles over the roughest and dustiest dirt tracks imaginable in order to be present.

Such a meeting, by the way, meant giving up many weeks of time for the journey, and if any accident happened, such as a wheel coming off the waggon, or a horse or two getting lame, then the meeting might be over before the travellers could get there.

One family set off in good time for this particular meeting, but owing to various delays, by the time they reached the Snake River they had little more than a day left before the meeting was to begin.

And they found the river in flood!

Could anything have been more exasperating? Only a day left, and their path blocked by a sullen, surging stream of dangerous water!



They appealed to the ferryman, and offered him an extra sum of money if he would take them over.

"Not for a million dollars," said he.

"But we shall be late for the meeting," they said, "and we have come so far to attend it."

"Better miss the meeting than drown," was the only reply they received.

But they did not want to miss the meeting, for they felt that God wanted them to be there.

So they went to their waggon, and there, on their knees, told God all about it. Of course it seemed foolish to ask Him to make the flooded river go down, but they thought of the experience of the children of Israel at the Red Sea and the Jordan, and believed God could do the same again if He so desired.

Then they looked out on the swollen stream, and saw it was still in flood, rushing by with such volume and vehemence that it seemed to say, "And I shall be in flood for weeks and weeks to come."

Yet if their prayer was to be answered, the river must not last like this two days, let alone two weeks. Something must happen quickly, or the meeting would be over, and they would have to retrace their steps in defeat and disappointment.

They prayed again, and went to sleep that night in faith, believing that the dear Lord Jesus would do something wonderful for them.

And He did. Just what the natural cause may have been they never found out; it sufficed that the thing for which they asked came to pass.

When they awoke on the morrow, the water had dropped several feet; all danger had passed; and the astonished boatman ferried them over without question.



How Jesus Healed Tommy

TOMMY had been sick in bed three days, and still nobody could tell what was the matter with him.

Mamma had taken his temperature several times and found it nearly up to a hundred and four—and she was dreadfully worried. So, in fact, was everyone else in the house, for Tommy was the littlest, and therefore the dearest.

The doctor had come and gone, and still nobody was any the wiser as to what was the matter with Tommy. He had felt Tommy's pulse, listened to his heart, thumped his chest with his fingers, shone a little light into his ears, pressed his tongue with a piece of wood while he looked down his throat, and, of course, taken his temperature all over again.

Then he had shaken his head and said, "I can't see anything the matter with him. We shall have to wait and see what happens tomorrow."

"It can't be measles," mamma had said confidently, "because he had them two years ago. Could it be scarlet fever?"

"I don't think so," the doctor had replied, "but, as I said, we shall just have to wait and see."

So, very anxiously, they waited; and meanwhile poor little Tommy felt very bad. He didn't want to

play with anything or anybody. And he lay so still and so quiet that daddy and mamma became still more worried.

That evening daddy was writing in the next room, with the door open and his ears alert to hear the slightest sound from Tommy.

Presently he heard a faint call.

"Daddy! I want you."

Daddy was on his feet in an instant.

"What is it, darling?" he asked, eager to do anything that might make Tommy better.

"Daddy," said the weary little voice, "I 'spect Jesus is too busy to make me well."

Daddy was so shocked that he did not know what to say for a moment. It had never occurred to him that Jesus could ever be too busy to help anyone.

"Oh, no, darling!" he said earnestly. "Why, of course, He ——"





Yes, Jesus was very busy, but He gladly took time to bless the children. He will always hear when you pray.



"But He must be," said Tommy, slowly and solemnly, "'cos He's got so many other poor little sick children to help, and He just hasn't time to help me."

"Oh, but Tommy!" exclaimed daddy. "Jesus has lots of time, all the time there is, and—er—I know He will heal you. Let's ask Him now."

"Dear Jesus," pleaded daddy, "here is a poor little sick boy who thinks You are too busy to make him better. And, of course, You're not too busy. You never are too busy to help those who love You. So please come and make him better tonight."

And sure enough, in the morning Tommy was very much better, so much better, in fact, that mamma phoned the doctor and told him he need not come. He said he couldn't understand it, for he was expecting to find spots or something on Tommy the next day.

But Tommy understood.

And so did daddy—and the angels.



Hitting Things Hard

LESS than eighty years ago, coloured men, women, and little children were still being sold as slaves in the United States of America. It was a disgrace to any great nation, and one outstanding man resolved that it should cease.

Watching a slave auction one day, with a prayer in his heart, Abraham Lincoln said to his companions, "Let's get away from this; if ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard."

His chance came, and he hit it hard, so hard, in fact, that slavery was abolished in America for ever.

One autumn night, on the eve of the Battle of Antietam, he knelt by his bedside, and like a little child promised that if victory was given to his army, and the enemy was driven from Maryland, he would take it as a sign that he was to go forward and free all the slaves.



Later he told his Cabinet how he had gone on his knees before God, and how "God had decided the question in favour of the slaves."

"I said nothing to anyone," he said, "but I made the promise to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out of Maryland, and I am going to fulfil my promise. I have called you together to hear what I have written down."

Then was signed the Emancipation Proclamation, which proved to be the beginning of the end of the Civil War and the passing of a great and terrible evil.

Lincoln started life as a very poor boy. He worked on a ferry and made fences and went through all the routine of a farm lad, but by hitting one thing hard he made his name shine like a star.

Long before Lincoln, of course, William Wilberforce had formed a similar resolution. For nearly fifty years he fought slavery, and hit it so hard that by 1833 Parliament was ready to pass the Emancipation Bill that freed all slaves in the British Empire.

About the same time, Elizabeth Fry, moved by the sufferings of prisoners and the cruelties to which they were subjected, determined to spend her life hitting this thing hard. And she did. Prisons were reformed in all civilized lands as a result of her noble work.

William Booth, seeing children crying in the streets for bread, determined to strike at poverty, and strike it hard. His noble resolution resulted in the magnificent ministry of the Salvation Army to the poor of every nation.

Oh, yes, and there have been lots of others, too—the world's finest men and women who have seen

some great evil about them and have given their lives to hitting it hard.

Although the pictures we see of these great people usually show them as elderly, bearded men and white-haired women, in almost every case they caught their vision of doing something great for God when they were just boys and girls like you.

And God is still looking for boys and girls who will follow in their steps. There are still many great evils in the world that need hitting, and hitting hard.

There is the evil of international hatreds, and the still worse evil of war itself.

There is the evil spirit of persecution.

There is the trade of intoxicating drink that brings so much sorrow into many homes.

There is the tobacco tyranny, which has brought multitudes into a new slavery.

There is the world traffic in dangerous drugs.

There is the gambling evil, and, oh, so many more besides!

Wouldn't it be a fine thing to hit one of these evils so hard that it would never raise its ugly head again?

Perhaps, who knows, God is counting on YOU to do it when you grow up.

You must not fail Him.



Old Joe's Surprise

*I*N those bad old days when slavery was still practised, Old Joe stood in the marketplace awaiting the auction. He was a grand specimen of manhood, big, strong, and healthy, but on his face at this moment there was an expression of anger and

stubbornness that only faintly reflected the rebellious feelings in his heart.

His master had died, and in consequence he and many others of his fellow slaves were to be sold at public auction to the highest bidder. How he hated it all! He hated his chains; he hated the system which made it possible for human beings to be bought and sold like cattle; he hated the dreadful humiliation.

While he stood there waiting in the hot sun, there grew up in his heart a determination that he would not be bought, and if he were, he would never work for his new master.

Presently his name was called. The auctioneer began to describe him. "Joe. Fine strong fellow. Lots of hard work in him yet ——"

"I will not work!" cried Joe in desperation.

The auctioneer ignored him, and went on giving his age, his height, his weight, and other particulars. "What offers?" he concluded.

Someone made a bid.

"I will not work!" cried Joe at the top of his voice.

No one bothered. The bidding went on.

Joe listened with interest that merged into amazement. He had no idea he was worth so much. Up and up went the price. Gradually the number of bidders decreased, but two or three went on. One man seemed determined to purchase him whatever the cost.

At last, when the price had reached the highest figure Joe had ever heard offered for a slave, the hammer fell.

He was sold!

Soon his new master came over to take him.

"I will not work," said Joe. "You can thrash me, but I will not work."

The new master said nothing, but proceeded to lead him away to his waggon. All the way out to the plan-





tation Joe kept on muttering to himself, "I won't work. I won't work."

At last they arrived, and the master, instead of taking Joe to the usual dirty slave quarters, led him to a neat little cottage, remarking, "Joe, this will be your home while you are with us."

"This for me?" said Joe, surprised. "Thank you, but I will not work."

"You do not need to work," said his master. "Just live here as long as you please."

"But, master," cried Joe in utter amazement, "aren't you going to try to make me work?"

"Oh, no," said the master quietly. "I bought you to set you free."

"To set me free! Oh, master," cried Joe, falling on his knees before him, "how can I thank you enough? I will gladly serve you always, and do anything you want me to do."

From that moment Joe became the most faithful and loyal servant his master ever had.

And children, what that good master did for Joe, Jesus has done for us. He saw us standing in the market-place, as it were, chained with sin, and our hearts full of rebellion, and He gave everything He had to set us free. The Bible says that we were redeemed not "with corruptible things, as silver and gold; . . . but with the precious blood of Christ." 1 Peter 1: 18, 19.

When such a price has been paid for us, what should be our attitude? What should we say to Him who paid it? What else can we say than, "Jesus, dear Master, we will love and serve You all our days"?



The King's Image

SUDDENLY the back door burst open and in rushed Harold, hair all tousled, blood streaming from one knee, and a look of fierce indignation on his face.

"What's the matter now?" cried father, laying down the paper he was reading.

"Those nasty boys in the corner house tripped me up as I was coming home from school," snapped Harold, tossing his books on a chair. "But I'll get even with them. I'll pay them back. I'll—I'll—I'll——"

"Let's get that knee cleaned up," said father, "and we'll decide what to do to them afterward."

The knee was duly bound up, the dirty face washed, the ruffled hair brushed, and then father produced two bright-red apples that greatly helped the situation.

"Sounds as if it's been a bad day, son," he said, as Harold sat on the sofa and munched.

"You're right," said Harold. "I failed in my test this morning, lost my new pencil at lunchtime, broke the blade of my penknife in the afternoon, and then fell in with those larrikins on the way home."

"Too bad," said father. "I'm sorry. But no bones broken, I suppose?"

Harold laughed. "Oh, it wasn't as bad as that," he said.

"Then I wouldn't worry too much," said father. "After all, no great damage has been done. You can



try again and do better at the next test. Lost pencils and broken penknives can be replaced. Even unkind deeds done against us can be turned to our profit."

"But I must have revenge ——" began Harold.

"Only little people seek revenge," said father. "Great men ignore the evil that is done to them, and overwhelm their enemies with kindness. You know, Harold, there's a little phrase that runs through my mind sometimes that may help you. Just three little words—"The king's image.' "

"I don't see anything in that," said Harold.

"I hardly expected you to," smiled father. "But there's more in it than you might think. By the way, have you ever noticed that the coins we use bear the image of the king? And have you ever wondered how it comes to be there?"

"Stamped on at the mint, I suppose," said Harold.

"But how? I'll tell you. First of all the metal is melted and mixed with the utmost care. Then, under terrific pressure, it is passed through giant rollers, not

once, but again and again, until at last it comes out as long, narrow strips, the thickness of the coins to be. These strips are then passed into other presses that cut out blank disks that look like coins, but are not, because they do not yet bear the king's image. By this time, though, they are too hard to receive it, so they have to be softened by being brought to red heat and cooled again. After that, to brighten them up, they are thrown into baths of sulphuric acid, washed in hot water, and dried with hot air.

"Not until this point has been reached in the process are they prepared to receive the king's image. Not until they have endured all the melting and the mixing, the pressing and the cutting, the heating and the cooling, the cleaning and the washing, are they considered fit for the final honour. And even that does not come easily.

"Now the bright, shiny disks are fed into still another machine, each one being separately guided to the hammer which, with one sudden, mighty blow, changes it instantly from a piece of metal to a coin of the realm—a blow that raises its value by 500 per cent.

"From this machine pours a constant stream of beautiful new coins, all aglitter with the honour they have received—and no one, to look at them now, would ever dream that they suffered so much to gain it."

"That's very interesting," said Harold, "but I don't quite see what it has to do with me and my troubles."

"It has a lot to do with it," smiled father. "You see, we are all like those little metal disks, moving on through all sorts of hard experiences toward that great day when the King of kings will see fit to stamp us

with His image, and make us altogether 'like Him.' So when life seems to go wrong and we lose things we value, and people are unkind to us, it's very encouraging to think, Harold, that it's all just part of the process of receiving the King's image."

For a moment or two Harold did not speak, but it was evident that he was thinking hard.

"I think," he said presently, "that after a day like this I must be getting well on the way to that last machine."

"I should say you are," said father, smiling, "but everything depends on how you stand the pressure—and the heat!"

When Everybody Helped

I WISH," said dad at breakfast-time, "I could get that wood sawed up. It has been lying about for weeks since we cut the tree down, and it makes the yard a dreadful sight."

"Aw," snorted Bert. "I don't want to saw any wood today. I'm too busy. Besides, I promised to go and play tennis with the Jones boys."

"And I can't saw anything today," said Bill. "You see, I hurt my arm the other day, and ——"

"But it was your left arm," interposed dad.

"I know," said Bill, "but it doesn't like my right arm to saw anyway."

"And I just hate sawing wood," sighed Harry. "I'm too tired, anyway. I'm going to play trains today. Sawing wood is the worst job I ever knew."



"And if nobody else is going to saw wood," said Jerry, the youngest, "neither am I. I'm going to be busy, too."

"That's just too bad," said dad. "I had rather hoped to have that wood out of the way today, especially as the holidays will soon be over. But there, have a good time and enjoy yourselves. Mother and I had been planning to go to the seaside this afternoon with you all if the wood had been finished, but I suppose we can go some day later on."

"Do you think he meant it?" whispered Bert to Bill when they were in the garden after breakfast.

"I suppose he did," said Bill. "Why?"

"It would be rather nice to go to the seaside," said Bert. "I can play tennis any day. How about your left arm?"

"Seems to be getting a bit better since breakfast," said Bill.

"That's funny," said Harry. "Somehow I don't feel quite so tired as I thought I did. What would you say to—er—perhaps—er—cutting up a little of it?"

"I was wondering about that myself," said Bert.

"Let's have a look at the job," said Bill. "Maybe it's not so bad as we thought."

"And I'll help, too, if you want me to," piped up Jerry.

So they went over to the fallen tree and looked it over.

"You know," said Bert, "if we really set about it, we would have the whole job done in two hours."

"Shall we try it?" asked Bill.

"Let's," they all said together, running off to the tool shed.



A few moments later they were back again with the crosscut saw, the rip saw, the compass saw, and, in fact, every saw they could lay their hands on. Then they divided up the job according to the saws they had found and the size of the branches, and were soon busy as bees.

Dad, chancing to look out of the bathroom window, got the shock of his life.

"Mother," he called downstairs, "better start packing that lunch. They'll be done in an hour at this rate."

And they were.



Four Chocolate Eggs

WHAT EXCITEMENT there was in the classroom that morning! What eagerness and attention!

You see, teacher had just announced that she was going to make a little gift to the boy or girl who answered the most questions correctly in the tests they were going to have that day.

What it was, she wouldn't say, except that it was very nice, very pretty, and very tasty.

Of course that last word set everybody's mouth watering.

"Something tasty!" cried Ted Jones. "I could use that right now."

"And so could I," said Eric Foster, whose mother had been so busy that morning looking after his two little brothers and his baby sister that she had forgotten to put up his lunch.

"But I would rather have something pretty," said Peggy Phillips.

"I wonder where she put it," said Peter Rich. "Perhaps we could take a peep at it when she's not looking."

Teacher heard that.

"Oh, no, you can't," she said. "It is put away safely in my desk, and no one will see it until the tests are all over."

Peter blushed and wished he hadn't spoken.

Then the tests began, and how everyone did work! When teacher asked the questions aloud, hands flashed up all over the room and waved about like trees in a high wind. When the answers had to be written, there was an unusual silence, broken only by the frantic scratching of pens on paper.

It was lots of fun, and everyone had high hopes of winning the prize.

Slowly the hours dragged by, with Ted and Peter and Peggy and all the rest becoming more and more certain that they were going to win, and poor Eric getting hungrier and hungrier every minute, and imagining what he would do with the prize if he should win.

At last the tests were all over, the answers all checked, and the marks all totalled up.

Who had won?

"Now," said teacher, "I am almost ready to tell you who has won the prize."

The silence was so deep that you could have heard a pin drop.

"It's going to be me," whispered Peter to Peggy.

Teacher heard again. What good ears some teachers do have!

"I'm afraid you are wrong, Peter," she said. "The prize goes to——"

"Peggy," "Ted," "Tommy," "Dick," "Amy," "Dora," came a chorus from all over the room.



"No," said teacher, smiling, "you're all wrong. Little Eric is the winner, beating Peggy by just one mark." Peggy groaned.

At this moment teacher opened her desk and produced a big chocolate egg, tied with a piece of wide blue ribbon.

"How lovely!" cried everybody. "Lucky boy," said Ted.

"Now just a moment," said teacher. "I have a second prize. It is in this box."

Everyone looked and saw four little chocolate eggs. They were good, too, but not so attractive as the big one in the blue ribbon.

Eric, blushing, came forward to receive his prize. He had looked at both prizes and was thinking hard.

Teacher smiled at him, and told him how pleased she was that he had done so well. Then she proceeded to hand him the big chocolate egg. But Eric's hands were behind his back, and he was blushing red still.

"Please," he stammered, "would—would you mind if I had the second prize instead?"

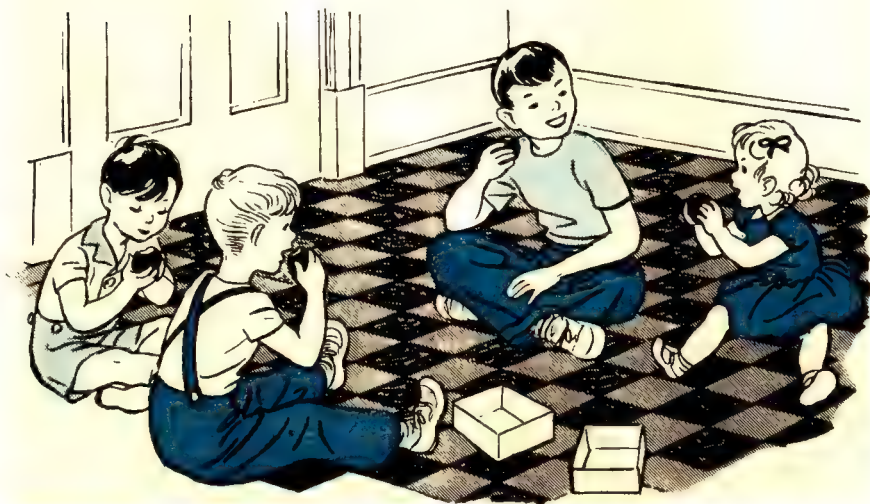
Everybody gasped, and teacher was so surprised that she hardly knew what to say. She had thought there wasn't a child in the room who would not have been thrilled to take the beautiful gift she was offering. But, she thought, Eric was always a good boy and he must have a reason for his unusual request. So she

gave him the second prize, and Peggy was surely delighted to get the first prize after all.

Of course every boy and girl in the class wanted to know why Eric had done such a strange thing, but he wouldn't say a word. He just ran off home with his precious little box under his arm.

But if any of Eric's school friends could have peeped inside his home that evening, they would have found out all about it. For there, sitting on the kitchen floor, were four of the happiest little children you could imagine. Just three boys and one baby girl.

And they were all, in an ecstasy of delight, munching chocolate eggs.



Turned to Stone

AREN'T you going to say your prayers tonight?" asked mamma, as Dick sulkily jumped into bed.

"No, I don't want to say my prayers," answered Dick abruptly.

"Dick!" exclaimed mamma, aghast. "I'm surprised at you. Whatever can have happened to you lately? You used to love to say your prayers."

"The other fellows at school don't say theirs," replied Dick with indifference. "They say it's all tommy rot."

"That's what I was afraid of," said mamma. "Those boys you're going with nowadays aren't doing you any good. Why do you let them influence you so? It's quenching all the love you once had for Jesus and turning your little heart to stone. By the way, did you ever see anything in the process of being turned to stone?"

"No."

"Well, I have. At Matlock Bath, in Derbyshire, there are remarkable springs of water coming out of the earth that will turn things to stone within a year. An enterprising man who lives there has prepared a big tank in which for many years he has been putting all sorts of things for the water to work upon. There you can see bird's nests and eggs, sponges, walking sticks, boots, and even a man's hat, so covered with a limestone crust that they look for all the world as if they



were made of stone. But there is one very remarkable thing to notice, if ever you go there, Dick. All around that tank are green ferns and moss and tiny bushes, but not one of them is turned to stone, although the same water splashes over them. Can you think why?"

"No, I can't," said Dick.

"Then I'll tell you," said mamma. "It is because they are alive. The water only turns dead things to stone. It has no power whatever over living things."

"But what has that to do with me?"

"Everything. That water resembles the influence of the other boys at school. You cannot help its splashing over you, but you can keep it from harming you, from turning your heart to stone."

"I don't see how I can," said Dick.

"By keeping your heart alive," said mamma. "Like those plants, you must keep in touch with the source of

life, or something will die inside you and you will become just a hardened little worldling like the others."

Dick was silent now, evidently thinking.

"And you know the source of life, just as well as I do," said mamma. "It is Jesus. And only as we keep in touch with Him by saying our prayers and reading the Bible and going to church to listen to the preaching of His Word, can we draw life from Him to keep our own hearts green and living."

They talked like this for half an hour or so. Then Dick began to crawl out of bed.

"I think I'll say my prayers tonight, after all," he said.





Cupboard Love



AVE you
ever bought a bag of lol-
lies and then found your
little brother, or your little

sister, coming to you and saying, so earnestly and ten-
derly, "I do love you so"?

That's cupboard love.

Or maybe at school sometime, when you have been
peeling a big apple, someone has sat down beside you
and said, "I like being in your class," or, "It's nice to
have you around."

That's cupboard love, too.

Cupboard love is not true love. In fact, it isn't
really love at all. It's a sort of selfishness, and rather
deceitful, too. It is interested in things, not people.
It wants the gift, but not the giver.

Jimmy had it seriously. When his uncle would
come to see him, he would pretend so hard to be fond
of him that uncle would take him to town and buy him
some new toy. Then when uncle had gone away again,
Jimmy would be heard to remark, "He's a funny old
man, isn't he?"

He tried it on mamma, too. Whenever she would
come back from a shopping expedition with lots of
parcels, Jimmy would at first be so loving and so polite,

expecting that one of the parcels would be for him. But if he found there was nothing for him, he would pout and weep and carry on alarmingly.

Then one day mamma became ill and had to go away to the hospital. She was so sorry to leave her home and Jimmy, and every day she looked forward to her return. While lying in bed she would picture the glad moment when at last she would be walking up the familiar garden path again and Jimmy would run out and throw his arms around her in wild, joyous welcome. She lived for that moment, and every passing hour the thought of it became more precious to her.

Then at last the doctor said she was well enough to go home again. How her heart beat fast with excitement! She was going back at last to see everybody and everything she loved so dearly—and especially Jimmy.

The car pulled up at the house, and just as mamma had expected, Jimmy ran out to meet her, eyes ablaze, arms outstretched. But as he ran down the path to meet her, his first words made her heart grow cold.



"What do you have for me?" he asked. "Did you bring me a parcel?"

"So that's all he wants," thought mamma. "Not me, but an old brown-paper parcell!"

She walked right by him and into the house.

"But I want to love you," cried Jimmy, running after her and feeling that something was wrong.

"Go and get some brown paper and string," said mamma, very coldly. "Tie it up and love that."

And mamma left Jimmy to his thoughts.

Hard as it seemed, it worked. Jimmy understood perfectly. When bedtime came, he went over to where mamma was sitting, and whispered, "I really do love you more than parcels. I'm really glad you came home."

And mamma took him into her arms for the true love for which her heart had been aching so long.



The Hall of Portraits



BRUCE was the eldest son of a Scottish lord, and heir to all his father's great estate.

Now he was leaving home to go to boarding school, and his father was having a final chat before he said good-bye.

"Let us walk down the hall," said father; "there is something I want to show you there."

Bruce had walked down that grand old hall many a time, thinking of it only as a passageway between the front entrance and the majestic ballroom at the other end of the castle, but suddenly it became something quite different.

"Look up at the walls," said father, and Bruce, looking, saw the familiar portraits he had seen since he was a little child. They lined the walls on either side and were the work of many a famous artist.

"These men," said father, "were your ancestors. It is the record of them all that they never once did a dishonourable deed. If they could speak, they would tell you they expect you to follow their example. One day, if time should last, your portrait will also adorn these walls, and it must be without disgrace. The tradition of the family must not be broken."

That was all, but Bruce never forgot. At school, at college, and in after life, the memory of that hall of portraits remained, keeping him from all pettiness and folly and ever inspiring him to great and noble deeds.

What a fine thing it would be if all of us could carry a similar glowing memory all through life!

Of course there are not many of us who live in castles, and the pictures of our humble ancestors are most probably hidden away in some photograph album, or mouldering in some old box in the attic. Our homes aren't big enough nowadays to have a hall of portraits, anyway; and if they were, we probably would want to hang some different kind of picture.

Yet all of us, if we will, may build up in our minds a hall of portraits of our own, hanging there the pictures of all the great and noble men we have ever known or read about, the memory of whom will help to keep us loyal and true to what we know to be right.

Whom would you put there? Perhaps the portrait of a lovely mother, a self-sacrificing father, some gallant missionary, some martyred reformer, some fearless hero of a great crusade.

Perhaps I could make some suggestions.

Personally, I would want to start with a few of the great Bible characters. From the Old Testament I think I would choose Moses, who freed Israel from the bondage of Egypt, and Elijah, the prophet who so gallantly championed God's cause in a time of great wickedness. Then from the New Testament I would choose the Apostle Paul because of his wonderful faith and courage, and the Apostle John because of his devoted love for his Master.



On another part of my wall of portraits I would display the pictures of the great Reformers, beginning with John Wycliffe, known as the Morning Star of the Reformation. Beside him I would like to see John Huss of Bohemia, Martin Luther of Germany, and William Tyndale, who gave us our English Bible.

Farther on would begin my portraits of missionaries, and there I would have William Carey, the cobbler who went to India, Hudson Taylor of China, and David Livingstone and Robert Moffat, who opened up Africa to the gospel. With them, too, I would place more modern mission-

aries, such as Dr. E. G. Marcus, who has worked so hard for the lepers of Nyasaland, F. A. Stahl, who carried the gospel to the Indians of the Amazon, and Captain Jones, who braved the cannibals of the South Sea Islands for Christ's sake.

Beside these, I would hang the portraits of the great philanthropists, like Doctor Barnardo and George Muller, who did so much for the orphans, old William Booth, who spent his life for the poor, Elizabeth Fry, who improved the lot of prisoners, William Wilberforce, who freed the slaves, and Florence Nightingale, the mother of modern nursing.

Oh, yes, and I would want to have the portraits of some of the great explorers—brave men like Captain Scott, Sir Ernest Shackleton, and Doctor Amundsen, of South Pole fame, Sir Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norkey, conquerors of Everest, Doctor Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador, and others.

I would also want to have some of the pioneers of discovery in science and medicine, such as Thomas Edison, who gave us electric lights; James Watt, who invented the steam engine; Madame Curie, who discovered radium; and Marconi, who invented wireless.

I would gladly display as well some of the noble statesmen like Abraham Lincoln, Lloyd George, and Winston Churchill, who have guided their countries through great crises.

Near them, too, I think I would place such royal characters as Alfred the Great, Richard the Lion-hearted, Queen Victoria, and King George the Sixth.

And I wouldn't be forgiven if I didn't want also the pictures of men who have done much for modern engineering—Henry Ford in the motor-car industry, Steinmetz, the wizard of electrical energy, and Einstein, the father of atomic physics.

But what about great poets like Milton, who wrote "Paradise Lost"; and Tennyson, who wrote that delightful poem every boy loves, "The Charge of the Light Brigade"; or Longfellow, who penned those stirring lines, "The Building of the Ship." He wrote also "The Village Blacksmith," and so many others.



DAVID LIVINGSTONE

There are those of you who would feel bad if we didn't have some great artists represented, too, such as Michelangelo, Raphael, and Rembrandt. And musicians, what a lot of them deserve to have a place in our hall of great men! We could only make a start with Johann Bach, Chopin, Beethoven, and Handel who wrote that wonderful "Hallelujah Chorus" in his "Messiah."



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

And surely the hall would be incomplete without such inspiring personalities as Sir Charles Kingsford Smith, the famous Australian airman, Robert Browning, the great English poet, and Rudyard Kipling, inimitable teller of tales and poet laureate of the Empire.

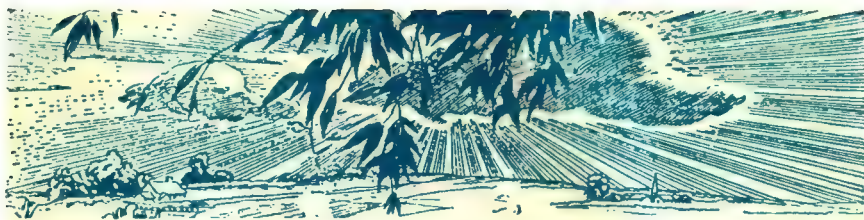
Oh, dear! What a lot of pictures! My hall doesn't seem nearly big enough to hang them all, while every minute I think of more people who should be there honouring and adorning its walls.

I am going to suggest, however, that you reserve one wall all by itself for the greatest portrait of all. For Jesus, who inspired so many of these great men and women to great deeds, deserves the most beautiful picture any artist could paint, and the most prominent place in our Hall of Portraits. And if you make

ABRAHAM
LINCOLN

His life the standard by which you judge the worthiness of all the other great men you would honour, you will never hang a picture of anyone who ever did a dishonourable deed. Then their fragrant and stimulating memory will inspire you, as they inspired Bruce, to follow in their steps, and give your life to some of the noble and heroic tasks still waiting to be done.





Frontiers of Peace

NOT LONG AGO I was driving up the beautiful highway that follows the Pacific Coast all the way from Mexico to Canada, when I came upon the beautiful archway that you see in the picture on the opposite page.

At first it seemed to me to be out of place, for it stands in the middle of a field, with no fence on either side, and I could not help wondering why anyone should have thought of building such a fine modern piece of architecture in such an out-of-the-way spot.

But as I drew nearer I discovered the reason, for this arch stands on the invisible line that separates Canada from the United States, a border that stretches over three thousand five hundred miles, through forests, prairies, lakes, and mountains, from one coast to the other, without a single fortification or gun emplacement of any kind. It is truly a frontier of peace.

This beautiful archway is a symbol of the abiding friendship that exists between the two countries.



On one side of it appear the words—you can read them on the photograph if you look carefully—"Children of a Common Mother."

On the other side are words equally beautiful: "Brethren Dwelling Together in Unity."

Above, one on either side, fly the flags of the two nations, the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes.

But somehow I was most impressed by the gates. Gates! you say. Gates without fences!

Yes! The funniest little gates you ever saw, so small, so thin, and so weak that, if anyone should ever close them, the wind would blow them over!

But just above the gates, where they are suspended on the inside of the archway, appears this glorious expression of hope:—

“May these gates never be closed.”

Wouldn't it be a lovely thing if such archways could be planted on the frontiers of all nations? Indeed, if such tokens of goodwill and friendliness could replace all the forts and fences, all the dugouts and trenches, that stretch over so many thousands of miles of the earth's surface, what a happy place the world would be to live in! What a lot of its problems would be suddenly solved!

Though this may be impossible with things as they are, it should not hinder us, as individuals, from building peace arches wherever we can and always trying to look at other people and their problems through them.

While we cannot alter the frontiers of nations, we can at least see to it that there are no barriers of enmity between our hearts and other hearts anywhere in the world. In all our relations with other people—with the children at school, or the people next door, rich or poor, cultured or ignorant—let us remember that we are “children of a common mother.” So far as lies in our power let us be “brethren dwelling together in unity.” Let the gates of our hearts be open to all, with no national or racial boundaries to our sympathy and love.

Thus, each in our little way, we may extend the frontiers of peace.



Digging for a Bicycle

WHO EVER heard of such a thing! Digging for a bicycle, indeed! What next?

But it's true. He did dig for it.

"Then it must have been all rusty when he found it," you say.

Oh, no, it wasn't. It was just as bright and shiny as it could possibly be, all brand new and beautiful.

It happened this way.

Bobby, who was just eleven years old, had been wanting a bicycle for a very long time. In fact, he had asked his daddy for one over and over again. But every time he had asked, daddy had said, "Sorry, Bobby, but there's no money to buy bicycles just now. I'm afraid you'll have to wait a bit longer."

So Bobby had waited and waited, and meanwhile all his little friends got bicycles, some as Christmas presents and some as birthday presents. "Isn't there some way I could earn enough money to buy one?" he said.

"Now you're talking some good, sound sense," said daddy. "That's the best way I know to get money for the things we think we need. Earn it! And if you do earn that bicycle, Bobby, let me tell you that you will enjoy it ten times more than if it were given you by a rich uncle."

"But what can I do to earn the money?" asked Bobby.

"Well," said daddy, "I am very anxious to have the garden dug, and as I do not have time to dig it myself, I'll have to get someone to dig it for me. Now, if you would dig it as deeply and as thoroughly as anyone else, taking out the worst of the weeds, then I would be glad to contract with you for the job."

"And will you really pay me the same as you would pay anyone else?" asked Bobby, a little doubtfully.

"Surely I will," said daddy. "You may take a little longer than an expert gardener, but the total amount I will pay for the job will be just the same as I would give him. Now, what about it?"

"I'll start right away," said Bobby.

And he did.

I wish you could have seen him digging. Such enthusiasm, such persistence! Early in the morning, before he went to school, Bobby was out at work, and back on the job again in the afternoon when he came home. Yard after yard he worked his way down the

garden, with never a grumble or complaint and with never any need for anyone to keep him at it. He worked as though he loved it, as though he wanted to dig the garden better than anyone had ever dug it before. In fact, so smooth did he make the surface of the soil that it soon began to look like a big brown table.

Daddy was delighted, and said he would rather have Bobby dig the garden than anyone else, at which Bobby swelled up with pride and satisfaction and went on digging harder and faster than ever. In fact, his mother sometimes had the biggest job to get him to come in to supper. More than once he stayed out till after darkness had fallen, and everyone wondered how he could still see where to put his fork.

At last the task was accomplished, and what joy was in Bobby's heart when he came in one day and said, "I've finished, dad!"

Then came the still happier moment when dad paid up. Bobby had never felt so rich in all his life.

A few days after that both of them went to the city and began to look for a bicycle. And was Bobby careful about his money? I should say so! He examined every machine with the utmost care, and asked the poor salesmen in the shops all sorts of puzzling questions. Finally he made his decision, paid over his money, and walked out of the shop with his precious bicycle.

As daddy wouldn't let him ride it through the traffic, he had to push it most of the way home, but he didn't care, for it was just sheer joy even to hold the saddle and the handle bars. And somehow, when he compared his bicycle with those of all the other boys in the neighbourhood, he felt sure his was by far the best of all.

And if I may let you into a secret, Bobby still loves that bicycle, even though it is five years old, and he is much too big to ride it now. You see, digging for it made it worth so much more to him than if he had just received it as a present.

Maybe there's something you want ever so much and can't get because there's no money.

Why not try digging for it some way, too?





Is This the Morning?

HOW little Malcolm does love the sea! You should just see him some time holding the wheel of one of those tiny motorboats they have at some sea-side resorts; and is he happy!

When I took him in a big speedboat the other day, and left him all alone on the back seat, the look of perfect bliss on his face was something wonderful to behold.

Then, not so long ago, as we were driving through British Columbia, I happened to let the word fall that we might be going on a big steamer soon.

Alas, for our peace!

"When are we going on the big steamer, daddy?" he asked. "How many funnels does it have? Will it have lots of smoke? Will it go very fast? Shall we go far, far away? Will it be the 'Queen Mary'?"

But the chief question was always, "When are we going, daddy? Will it be tomorrow?"

"No," I said, "not tomorrow."

"The next day?"



"No, not the next day."

"But how soon?"

"Very, very soon."

So the days went by, with the same questions being asked over and over again, the inquiry always being finished with that plaintive plea, "Will it be soon now?"



Purposely we did not tell him the exact day for fear he would become too excited, as he sometimes does, and so we kept saying, "Soon, very soon now."

Then one day we crossed the Canadian border, drove down to the port of Seattle, and stayed there for the night, so as to be in good time to catch the boat in the morning.

But we did not tell Malcolm. Oh, dear no! He wouldn't have slept a wink. Neither would we.

So when he asked again, as he went to sleep, "Are we going on the boat soon, daddy?" we said, "Oh, yes! **very, very soon now,**" at which his weary little head fell on the pillow as though he were quite content. Little did he realize that he was so near to the goal of his dreams.

Now whether it was because he had slept within a quarter of a mile of that ship, or because of some word that we had unintentionally dropped, he awoke early the next day with the certain conviction in his heart that the great moment had arrived.

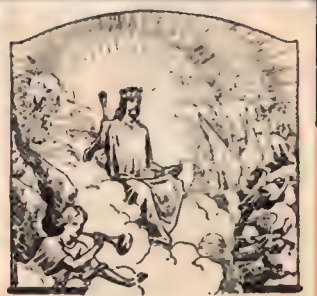
Rubbing his little eyes and looking up earnestly



When Jesus comes, IT WILL BE--

THE END of sickness and pain, death and sorrow, war and trouble and sin. Instead, it will be—

THE BEGINNING of the glad day when God makes all things new, when no one will ever again be sick or hungry or sad, but will live for ever in God's beautiful new world.



into his mother's face, he said with an earnestness I shall never forget, "**Is this the morning?**"

"Oh, yes," we said, responding to the light of hope and joy blazing in his eyes. "Yes, this is the morning. This is the day you have been waiting for so long. Today we shall go on the big steamer and see the masts and the funnels and all the smoke and things, and ride over the great big waves."

Is this the morning?

Ever since then the words have rung in my ears like a chime of lovely bells.

I have thought of all the people who have been waiting such a long, long time for the glorious morning of eternity, and how happy they will be when it breaks.

There are some people alive today who have been waiting nearly a hundred years for Jesus to come. They have not known the time of His coming, but, oh, how they have longed for it! And they have comforted their old hearts by saying, It must be soon now; there's not much longer to wait!

What joy will be theirs "in the morning"!

I have thought, too, of all the people who have endured sickness and pain, blindness and deafness, and all sorts of dreadful injuries—and how glad they will be "in the morning" when Jesus comes back to open the eyes of the blind, to unstop the ears of the deaf, and make the lame man leap as a hart! How wonderful it will be to witness their joy as they are suddenly healed by His wonderful power, never to be sick again!

I have thought also of all those who have experienced great hardship and poverty, who have lived in slums and tenements, rarely seeing trees or flowers, or the beauty of the country or the sea—and what ecstasy

of delight will be theirs "in the morning" when they discover that they will never be poor again, that Jesus has come to bring them riches enough to last for ever and ever, and food enough so they will never know the pangs of hunger again; oh, yes, and when they find that He has planned for them a new heaven and a new earth more lovely than they ever imagined.

I have thought, too, of all the exiles, the people who have been driven away from their homes and countries by cruel, persecuting tyrants, and how they must have cried as they have wandered homeless over the earth, and how thrilled they will be "in the morning" to find that Jesus has made ready for them the very mansions that long ago He promised to prepare for His children, a home eternal that shall never be taken away.

I have thought, also, of all the children of God who have gone to sleep in death through all the ages since sin first entered this old world, and how marvellous it will be for them when Jesus comes to wake them from their long, long slumber.

Hundreds and thousands of them were loving fathers and mothers who passed away longing for their children, and countless others were children who died longing to see their parents once again; and one day soon upon their waiting ears will fall the beautiful voice of Jesus calling them forth from the grave.

Can you not hear them



all crying in glad, incredulous surprise, "Jesus, is this the morning?"

What a glad reunion there will be that day!

Many will be the martyrs of Jesus, men, women, and children, too, who chose to be tortured and killed rather than give up their faith in Him. Lots and lots of them perished miserably in dungeons, waiting so patiently for the deliverance that never came to them.

Can you not hear them crying, almost frantic with joy, as the Master for whom they gave up so much bends over them in tender love and calls them from the tomb to spend eternity with Him, "O Jesus, is this the morning for which we waited so long?"

Some people talk about the coming of Jesus as a day of darkness, gloom, and misery, but for all who love Him it is going to be the happiest day in history. That's why the Apostle Paul calls it "the blessed hope." It's going to be the most wonderful, the most glorious, and the most joyous event that ever happened.

Every one of us should be looking forward to it



with the keenest joy, just as Jesus Himself must be longing, too, for the great day to dawn.

In my front garden, down by the gate, there is the stump of a dead pepper tree that we cut down some time ago. The top is flat and makes a dear little seat, and there is a step so that one can climb up on to it.

This is Malcolm's seat, where he sits and waits for his daddy to come home.

It makes going home so thrilling to think that he will be there, for when I am still a long way off he sees me and there is a mighty yelling and a great waving of hands.

And it seems to me that this is how Jesus would have us await His coming—sitting high up on the pepper tree, as it were, looking eagerly down the road, "waiting and watching for Him."

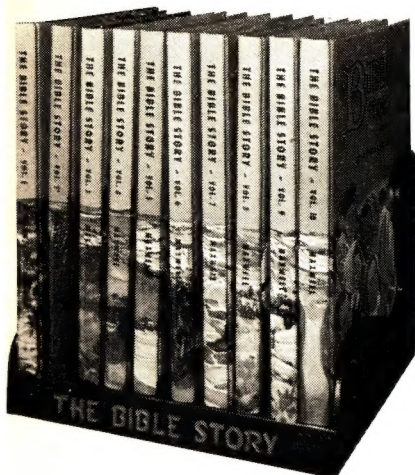
And I believe that just as I take up my little boy and hug him because he has waited there at the gate for me, so Jesus will gather us into His everlasting arms of love and tell us He is glad we did the same for Him.

Then we shall all go in together to partake of "the marriage supper of the Lamb," and to hear Him say to everybody, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." And it will all be so wonderful, so unbelievably beautiful, that we shall cry out in rapture once more:—

"IS THIS THE MORNING?"

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